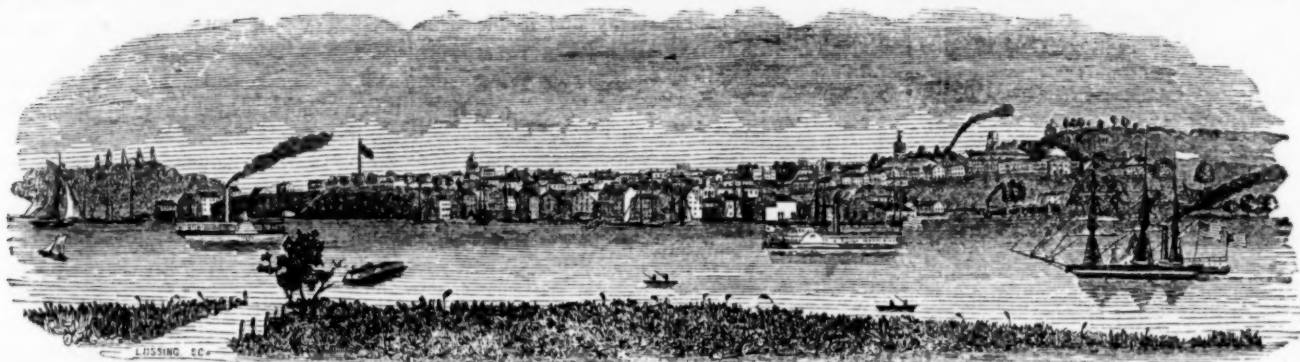


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BRISTOL.



BRISTOL, a city and seaport in England, situated on the Avon. In wealth, trade, and population it has long been reckoned the second in England. Liverpool now claims the pre-eminence as a seaport alone. The river is here deep and rapid, and the tide flows to the height of 40 feet, so that a vessel of 1000 tons can come up to the city. It was constituted a bishop's see by Henry VIII, and part of a monastery founded by Stephen, in 1140, has been converted into a cathedral. The church of St. Mary's Redcliffe, is one of the finest Gothic structures in the kingdom. This city has long been distinguished for its well conducted and extensive charities, and is adorned with many handsome public buildings. Manufactories of glass and sugar, distilleries and brass-works, the largest in England, give employment to many of its inhabitants. Its foreign trade is also considerable, principally to the

West Indies. It returns 2 members to parliament, and is governed by a mayor, 2 sheriffs, 12 aldermen, and 28 common councilmen. Here Cabot, the discoverer of North America, Admiral Penn, Mrs. Hannah More, Coleridge, Southey, and the famous Chatterton was born: his father was sexton of St. Mary's. About a mile from Bristol, stands the village of the Hot-Wells, famous for its medicinal spring, the temperature of which is from 72 to 76 degrees: it discharges 60 gallons a minute. The Hot-Well, and the village of Clifton, on the hill above, are fashionable resorts. In St. Vincent's Rock, above this well, are found those native crystals, so well known under the name of Bristol stones. Beside this well, there is a cold spring, which gushes out of a rock on the side of the river, that supplies the cold bath. At the time of the earthquake at Lisbon, in 1755, the water of the

spring became red and turbid, the tide of the Avon flowed back, and the water in the vicinity turned black, and was unfit for use for a fortnight. The extensive commerce and fine harbor of Bristol rendered it desirable to obviate the inconvenience attending ships lying aground at every tide. By constructing extensive works, and opening a new channel for the Avon, the flux and reflux of the tide at the quays have been prevented, and merchant-ships of any burden may now constantly lie afloat. Also dry and wet docks for repairing and building ships. Bristol is very ancient, Gildas mentions it, in 430, as a fortified city. By the Britons it was called *Caer Brito*, and by the Saxons *Brightstowe*, or *Pleasant Place*. It was erected into an independent county by Edward III, in 1372, and has since been endowed with various privileges. All persons are free to trade here, and

the markets are unequalled in plenty and variety by any in England. Many of the houses in the older part of the town are built of wood, and crowded together in narrow streets, but those of more recent erection are of brick and stone, and disposed in spacious streets and squares. The common sewers, which run through the town, render it remarkably clean. Carts are not admitted into the city for fear of damaging the arches of vaults and gutters under the streets, and every thing is conveyed by sledges. The buildings of Bristol cover an area of about 1000 acres of ground, and the suburbs above 500 more. With the appendages it contains 600 streets, squares, lanes, courts, &c. in which are erected 47 churches and chapels. Here are 5 hotels, 50 inns and taverns, 7 banking houses, and 4 prisons. It is the chief city, quay, and mart of the western parts of the kingdom, and is classed among the principal cities of Europe. The population, in 1821, including the suburbs, was 52,889. It is 117 miles west from London; 176 south of Liverpool; and 13 northwest of Bath.

TABLES.

THE TWINS; A Story of the Far West.

CHAPTER III.

So soft, so delicate, so sweet she came,
Youth's damask glow just dawning on her cheek;
I gazed, I sighed, I caught the tender flame—
Felt the fond pang, and droop'd with passion weak.

A YEAR had now nearly expired, and notwithstanding Edward's utmost inquiries and search, to discover who the girl was that he had so unexpectedly rescued, he could learn nothing.—He had several times visited the rude hut which had sheltered him on the night of the storm; but desolate and untenanted, it stood embosomed in the wilderness; nor could he learn any traces of those who had inhabited the secluded spot.

About this time, on a fine moonlight evening, he accompanied his adopted father in a ramble towards the margin of the lake. The azure vault of the sky sparkled with its innumerable brilliants; and the lamp of night in majesty threw its broad beams o'er the surrounding objects. Nature seemed wrapped in silence; and the green mantle of the earth glistened with dew, from those beams of light, which burst in splendor above. The mild, cooling zephyrs fanned the leaves of the trees of the forest, and the low cooing of the feathered creation, faintly struck upon the ear, among the bushes, which bordered the dark, thick woods around; as arm in arm, they descended a towering hill, which overlooked the lake shore, near where he was rescued from a watery grave, by his mysterious and strange preserver.

Near midway of this hill, they seated themselves on a projection of rock, and viewed the black mass of water before them. Its gentle undulations sparkled in the moon-beams, like little billows of fire; presenting a sight grand and sublime. Both, true lovers of nature—they were lost in contemplating in silent wonder the beautiful prospect before them; and it was long ere they were brought to leave the fascinating scene.

At length, however, they descended to the shore, to ramble on its pebbly margin. Edward mused along, and unconsciously strayed at some distance ahead; when suddenly he was surprised at the light airy form of a female, which seemed with the rapidity of lightning almost, to pass him, scarcely

touching the sand—a low grating sound only striking upon his ears, to convince him that it was flesh and blood that moved, as on the wings of the wind.

Astonishment at first riveted him to the spot, although he kept his eye on what appeared a beautiful phantom; but in a few moments he lost sight of it behind a projection from the bank of the shore, and shortly a canoe shot from near the spot, rapidly putting off into the lake, in which he could distinctly observe the graceful form of the female. It moved with rapidity, and he watched it in the distance, until, like a speck on the water, it gradually faded from his view.

He was standing, looking upon the spot of its disappearance, vainly piercing in the blackness beyond, to catch another view of this maiden of the lake, when his father came up slapping him on his shoulder, at once arousing him from his intent gaze.

"You seem spell-bound, my son, has the lake thrown any enchantment before you?"

"Did you see her?" exclaimed Edward with a sigh.

"See who? I saw nothing but yourself, standing like a statue, seemingly as immovable as yonder craggy cliff."

"Not see her?—an angel form, flitting like a meteor for an instant, in this stilly air. She was human, though—here are the impressions of those feet which scarcely touched the sand."

"There are marks upon the sand," said his father, "but I saw nothing but the surface of the lake, which you seemed to have devoured with your eyes. It was a sea nymph, I suppose."

"A female form passed me—I saw her cut the air with the nimbleness of a deer, and she has crossed the lake."

"You showed but little gallantry, in not offering your services, my son," said the elder Holenbrook, laughing; "Come, it's time we left this enchanted ground."

"'Twas a lady, by heavens!" said Edward, "I heard the rustling of the sand."

"Well, well! lady let it be—my old eyes could not see, I suppose."

"But it's so uncommon," said Edward, taking the arm of his father, and the conversation ended.

The next evening, however, Edward stole from the house and proceeded to the lake shore. The scene was entirely different from the preceding; but he was determined on his expedition; and unmooring a canoe which he had obtained for the occasion, immediately put off into the lake, paddling with velocity for the opposite shore.

One star only twinkled in the total darkness, like a pharos light perched on a black cloud; and that was half obscured at times by the fleecy vapors above, that were passing over; but he was too intent on gaining the shore, to direct his canoe by any star however bright it glistened in the heavens. The unruffled surface of the lake presented before him only a black sheet, which, as his canoe shot along, propelled by the paddles, caused him to suspend for a moment the exertions of his nervous arms, to pause and view the sparkling bubbles of the water, which like a current, appeared to pass the boat, from the bow, as she cleaved asunder the liquid element. Then, the thoughts of the beautiful damsel, that had for a moment flitted before him the night previous, would return upon his recollection, and again he would start his light bark over the glassy surface of the lake, with a velocity that seemed to himself almost incredible. So wrapped up was he in the thoughts of the fair one, that he

was unconscious for some time, that he was extending the length of the lake, instead of crossing it; until at length, he through fatigue, began to slacken in his exertions, wondering that he had not reached the opposite bank of the lake.

The darkness around, had not been observed by him, so completely shut were all his thoughts, but to the object of his expedition. Soon, however, the danger to which he had exposed himself, by trusting to cross alone, at the evening hour, the extended mass of water around him, became apparent; and he altered his course, renewing his labors with the paddle. The darkness seemed to increase, as he skimmed lightly across the lake, and a hollow, sullen sound was heard in the distance, muttering louder and louder, which he knew was a sure forerunner of an approaching storm. The waters of the lake seemed rising into turbulence, and gleam after gleam of lightning shot from the black clouds above. How far he was from the shore he could not tell, as he had now become so bewildered with contending emotions, that judgment seemed suspended. The sudden howl of a wolf, however, told him that he was near the land. To go on shore then, in his defenceless situation, would have been to uselessly expose his life to the fury of beasts of prey, whose distant howls and growls he could distinctly hear through the storm, which just began to rage.

At a loss what to do, he sat in his bark, vainly revolving the best course to pursue. On one side, presented the troubled billows, increasing in violence; on the other, a thick forest lined the shore, and frowned in majesty over the banks of the lake. The storm, however, began to rage with such fury, that danger threatened him on the water; and he determined on landing to gain some shelter from the drenching rain, which was pouring in torrents upon him. Accordingly, he pushed his canoe towards the shore, and hauling it up on the beach, seated himself under a large shelving rock that overlooked his place of landing.

Here, absorbed in his own reflections, he contemplated the warring elements, and for some time continued seated, with his head against the loose earth, at the back part under his temporary roof; till he was suddenly aroused by steps that seemed but a few feet distant from him; starting, he raised his eyes, and could for an instant see by the flashes of lightning, the tremendous form of a large she wolf, crouched as if in the act of springing towards him, and again all was darkness—though through the blackness of the scene, he still saw the glaring eyes of this formidable savage of the forest.

He now gave himself up as lost. A cold sweat bedewed his forehead, and a shuddering sensation thrilled through his system, at the inevitable consummation of his destruction. But the tiger was aroused in his disposition, and desperation nerved him for his last struggle. He was defenceless almost, having nothing but the scalping knife of his friend, the Indian, which he drew forth, resolving on using it to the best advantage. Seizing it, and extending his right arm with the knife firmly grasped, and supporting it with the other, by the wrist, he braced himself fast against the back part of the shelving retreat, he had so unfortunately chosen to escape the ravages of the storm.

Now came an awful pause—the sullen growls and gnashing of the wolf's teeth, bade him shortly expect her, and with desperation distending his features, his starting orbs pierced the darkness

before him. The next instant his keen eyes lost sight of the glaring balls, and as a beam of vivid light burst from the darkness above, he received her on the point of his knife, at the moment the crash of deafening thunder seemed to convulse earth, water and sky. The shock of his tremendous adversary dislocated his shoulder from its socket, but the tempered steel buried itself to the hilt in the breast of the monster and he felt the warm blood spout upon his hand—some drops of which sprinkled his face, and notwithstanding the severe pain of his broken limb, he seized the handle with his other hand, and, with an extraordinary effort, drew it out, when his terrible antagonist fell at his feet with a horrid growl. "A happy meeting," muttered he to himself, as, to be sure that he had despatched her, he kicked with his foot the prostrate foe, and as the gleams of lightning flashed around, he two or three times plunged the bloody blade into the part of her body where he knew her heart lay.

It was now that he found, in addition to his broken bone, that he was wounded in the leg by the claws of the wolf, and that the blood was running in a stream from off his foot. With the utmost difficulty and pain, he tore his cravat from his neck, and endeavored to staunch the wound and bind it up. He had partially succeeded in this surgical operation, when, through pain and loss of blood, he fainted and fell across the dead wolf. While laying senseless in this situation, the storm gradually subsided, and daylight began to streak the eastern horizon.

Here, gentle reader, we must leave Edward Holenbrook, and carry you back to other events, equally important to the other characters which we have introduced.

CHAPTER IV.

"Mark the poor Indian."—POPE.

"Her steps are unequal: her hair is loose; her eyes look wildly through her tears."—OSSIAN.

The continent of America does not produce a more romantic spot, perhaps, than that on which, at the era of our history, stood the rude residence of Strongarm, once a chief of the Cayugas. Situated on a stupendous mountain, whose cloud-capt summit sometimes is seen in the distance, as if frowning upon the less towering hills around it; and which, like the waves of the ocean, appear afar off in ridges; but nearing, the prospective is lost in a huge wave, whose mountain height seems reaching to the clouds, lessening all others in comparison. So the hill on which stood the residence of this Indian, out-towered the rest in the range which bordered the country around. Its steep ascent, appeared almost to defy human mortals to climb; its base reached to the shore of the Owasco lake, and its summit at times, pierced the blue clouds, that hung like curtains from the heavens above.

His hut was built of huge stones and logs, and covered with boughs from the gigantic hemlocks of the forest. It stood upon the extreme peak, where he, like an eagle, perched upon the mountain's tallest top in liquid ether, could gaze upon the sun, darkened by the murky atmosphere around. He was an outcast from his tribe, and from his lofty station, in solitude, seemed to bid defiance to a grovelling world beneath.

Long previous to his abandoning all intercourse with his countrymen, Strongarm was considered a maniac by his tribe; and when suddenly missing from them, they supposed he had sunk beneath

the black waters of the Owasco. But they knew him not; for, with a mind still strong, although untutored, this native of the wilderness had departed from his pagan principles, and adored the God of heaven; and to enjoy unmolested the remnant of his days, he had thus sought the fastness of the mountain, and like a hermit wrapped in the solitude of his residence, remained unheard, unseen, and unthought of by all around.

It was near this spot on the shore of the lake, that this outcast son of the forest had, from his towering steep, watched from day to day, the progress of a building, which was newly erecting. He knew it was destined as the residence of the white man, and his bosom felt a throb of delight as he saw its completion.

The second week had however passed, but as yet, since the building was apparently in a finished state, he had discovered none of its inhabitants. As evening twilight began to throw its dark curtain over the surrounding objects, he left his habitation; and like a mariner from the topmast head, descended from his lofty station. His tall, erect form, perfect in symmetry, was clad with the skin of a wolf, which was fitted to his masculine person, like a Scotch cloak. A belt of wampum, which vied with the rainbow of heaven in the hues of its brilliant colors, girted him at the waist; while another crossing his broad shoulder and full chest, descending in loops, supported his rifle. Moccasins of fantastic trimmings covered his feet, and leggins of deer skin, dyed of brilliant red, constituted his lower dress. The skin of a white swan, with a band of bear skin, formed into a bell-crowned Canadian cap, sat gracefully upon his head; while around each wrist a broad band of silver clasped close his nervous limbs.

Thus accoutred, in silence he approached the dwelling, which he had witnessed erecting. A faint light shone from an opening, through which his penetrating eye discovered a beautiful female, seated in the attitude of meditation. Transfixed in wonder, the Indian gazed upon the dazzling whiteness of her looks. But sudden starts of her head, would occasionally throw her tresses of hair in wild confusion o'er her polished forehead; and he discovered by their brightness, that the wild eyes of insanity rolled in frenzy in their sunken sockets.

With the lightest tread, therefore he entered the dwelling, his dark eyes beaming with compassion. At the falling noise he made, with the quickness of thought, she turned, and for an instant cast her rolling orbs upon him; then pointing to the corner of the room, beckoned him to advance. The body of a man lay extended on a bed, covered with the wild flowers of the mountain and meadow; and the greenest boughs of the forest bedecked around the couch where he rested.

Silently the stern son of the desert gazed upon the scene, until his unbending features seemed lit up with holy awe. The sight before him, struck a chord which vibrated through his manly form; and that eye which ne'er before filled with pity, was, in spite of him, suffused with tears. Utterance choked him, and the sensibilities of human nature awakened a feeling hitherto unfelt in his noble bosom. He saw the pale, emaciated form of this drooping lily—he saw the wreck of reason in the wildness of her looks. Grief seemed to have shipwrecked a mind denoting desolation to all that was noble and intelligent; and madness appeared raging in the brain of one of nature's fairest works.

It was but the thought of a moment: he took

her hand, which was cold as the corpse before him, and silently led her to the base of the steep mountain; then with one arm encircling her fragile form, he ascended with his burden to its dizzy height and entered his dwelling. As fasting and grief had subdued the energies of fortitude and resignation in her, food he administered; and of the wild moss of his hill, he prepared her a couch.

Nature, wearied with incessant fatigue for two weeks, soon sunk her into a balmy sleep, while the untutored mountaineer, sought for the healing herbs of his native wilds.

The orb of day found him watching the sleeping fair one; and during this time, he had prepared a cooling draught of the juice of his herbs, and mixed it with the water of the purest stream, that dripped from the moss covered rocks on the summit near his residence. Not the tender mother with a solicitude of unbounded affection, could have watched the sleeping couch of her offspring, with more anxiety, than Strongarm did this unprotected girl. In due time he awoke her, and administered the enervating medicine he had prepared; and with the skill of a son of Galen, he baffled the delirium of her brain, until from the confines of the grave, he succeeded in restoring to reason, this maniac of the cottage. Nor did he cease, until the bloom of health again crimsoned those pale, wan cheeks, on whose ashy hue, at first, death seemed to have stamped his seal.

[Here pause, gentle reader, while we take breath, and explain some events which will end our chapter and prepare you for the next.]

We stated in the second chapter of our tale, that the female who was so miraculously rescued from the horrors of the tempest, in the prolific basket, had left the country, with her adopted father for Holland. Here, then, comes the link which is to connect one part of the chain of our broken narrative, and further to extend your acquaintance with this maniac of the cottage.

When the two brothers, whom the mysterious way of Omnipotence had destined to foster the children, which the storm seemed to have rained upon them, had parted; and the younger returned to his native land, it was natural to suppose that a correspondence would have opened, and been kept up between them; the one from the banks of the Hudson, and the other from the land of their nativity. They had each a friendless charge upon their hands, that was connected together by the ties of blood, and for their sake, justice would have demanded a knowledge of each other's fate. But these children were destined to be kept in ignorance of their debut upon the world, and the attendant circumstances of their helpless situation, in regard to those, whom they yet considered as their parents.

Years elapsed, and the elder Edward Holenbrook had never received any intelligence from his brother, who had departed from his native country. That brother, however, after buffeting the storms of the ocean, at length arrived at his destined port, with his wife and the sister of the youthful Edward, who bore the name of Cornelia Holenbrook.

During his residence in the land of his home, nature did much for Cornelia, and art made her almost a model of perfection. As she grew in years, the opening buds of expanding intellect, bade fair to portray a female adorned with every accomplishment;—she was about the usual size of that part of nature's fairest works, which irresistibly pleases every beholder. Delicate and healthy, her countenance exhibited traits of a sensibility of

soul, and vivacity and buoyancy of spirit uncommon. Her eyes, with sparkling blackness, seemed like dark and rich gems, set in polished ivory, surmounted by silken arches, glossy in brightness upon her brows, where dignity and intelligence appeared to have stamped their seal. The dark tresses of her hair, hung in profusion, with unstudied negligence down upon her neck and shoulders, and curled in wild ringlets o'er her forehead. A rich minious color, the bloom of health, dyed the cheeks of her exquisitely fine, round, laughing face, which, contrasted with the bright and deep vermilion of two lips, that vied with one of the primitive colors of the rainbow for richness of hue, would, as smiles lit her countenance, display a set of teeth, like rows of pearl, white as the driven snow. A neck of dazzling whiteness, like the alabaster's polished surface, set off her form, which was graceful and elegant; exhibiting to the beholder, a pattern for Italy's sculptured Venuses to excel.

Such appeared Cornelia to her foster parents, while, with pride, they lavished upon her education all the attention which wealth could bestow. The sunshine of youth gilded her path with contentment and happiness. She had entered her sixteenth year, when death, the stern fate of mortals, bore to the bosom of the tomb, the wife of the generous Hollander, her foster mother, and plunged in unutterable sadness, the husband and daughter.

A few short months elapsed, after this death dealing blow to all his earthly happiness, when Holbrook resolved again to return to America, and in the smiles of his adopted daughter endeavor to banish from his recollection that land which had bereaved him of his bosom companion.

A ship being about to sail for America, he with Cornelia and their effects, embarked on board. A pleasant passage brought him to the land, where he expected to find his brother, and bring about a meeting of Cornelia and Edward after their separation of so many years.

But he was doomed to disappointment: The long space of time which had elapsed, had changed faces familiar to him; and to cap the climax, he learned his brother had embosomed himself in the western country: the place of his location no one knew. In melancholy pensiveness, then, for a few weeks, he lingered around the spot on the banks of the Hudson, where he had spent months of peace. In his lonely rambles, he would exclaim, "My friends, where are they?" but the murmuring breeze wafted back the melancholy sounds, and the echo only replied, "Where are they?"

As if fate ordained a meeting of the brothers, however, (yet the inscrutable mystery of providence prevented it,) he, with his adopted daughter, moved to the west; purchased land, and caused the building to be erected, which Strongarm, from his lofty and sequestered abode, had witnessed. On its completion he took possession of it, resolving in this retirement to spend his days, convinced they were short, but little thinking the rising sun would set beyond those distant hills for the last time to his view.

A paralytic shock on the evening of the first day of his taking up his residence in his new habitation, deprived him of existence, and so rapid was his dissolution, that Cornelia was one moment summoned to attend him, and the next instant beheld him an inanimate corps. As his dying breath escaped him, his last words were meant to inform her, that she had a brother; but the king of terrors choked his utterance, as he finished the

broken sentence of—"Cornelia—you—have—a—brother!"

CHAPTER V.

"But now arrives the time, the dangerous time."
ANONYMOUS.

Now, to continue the narration of events recorded in the old defaced manuscript before us, which we have endeavored correctly to decypher, we proceed with our heroine, who, thus desolate and forsaken, was as it were thrown upon the hands of Strongarm, the outcast chief of the mountain.

On the restoration of her reason, the first living object that presented to her view, was the tawny son of the forest, gazing with an anxious and perturbed look upon her. She had just awakened from a sound refreshing sleep. The wildness of frenzy no longer glared in her eyes; but there was a mildness of expression, that spoke the calmness of the mind. At first, she shrank fearfully from the gaze of her preserver, though she was not naturally timid; but a blank seemed to have taken place in her existence, and she knew not where she was. The death of her father was the last scene that remained on her memory. She was conscious, however; that from her extreme weakness, she must have experienced a severe fit of sickness; and to whom she owed her preservation, was a mystery to her.

Finding at length that her only companion was this Indian, she ventured to address him for information: "To whose kindness am I indebted for the attention bestowed on me?" said she in a feeble voice.

"The Indian found you, daughter, bereft of reason, and he brought you to his poor dwelling, to save you," answered Strongarm.

There was a tone of such compassion and benevolence in these words, that Cornelia at once comprehended her situation; and tears filled her eyes as she answered: "The Good Spirit reward you for it, my generous preserver."

"Hush! daughter," said Strongarm, "when my Father shall have made you strong, you can then talk—the raging tempest has now subsided into a calm, and soon you will be able to see the white people. The Indian will take care of you until then." He then put his finger to his lips, as a token of silence; and casting a look of kindness upon her, left her to herself.

It was now daily from her extreme weak state she began to recruit, and as health began to bloom afresh in her intelligent countenance, contentment pervaded her bosom, and she gradually became delighted with her situation.

From this stupendous high hill, she would survey the lake extending its surface for miles on either way: while on the other side, the horizon only bounded the prospect of the country, covered with forests. Occasionally there was to be seen the blue smoke, from the residence of some human being, curling above the trees towards the arch of heaven: and then again deep vallies and delightful eminences would strike upon her eye. It seemed to her, as she surveyed the scene, that from this mountain residence, the universe lay below, and tumultuous thrills of rapture pervaded her bosom, as, like the wild chamois, she bounded from rock to rock, admiring the variegated beauties around.

She soon learned to descend and climb the steep pass which led to their dwelling; and scarcely a day, but she visited the green hillock, beneath which was inhumed the remains of her father; for Strongarm had paid the last sad duties to him, and

deposited the corpse in a beautiful grave near the base of the hill, a few rods from the shore. The flowers bloomed in freshness upon his grave, planted by him, who had rescued her from sharing his fate.

She delighted in the cool summer mornings, to descend to the lake and bathe; for, alone, and unseen, she was also unrestrained in her amusements. And, it was not unfrequent for her in these amusements, to step on board the canoe of her preserver, and with velocity propel the slender bark over the glossy surface of the lake. Even Strongarm himself, had beheld her dexterity with the paddles, in wonder and astonishment; for she seemed to labor with little exertion, while the light canoe moved with almost lightning rapidity.

The evenings when her preserver was absent, she would descend the steep, and wait herself to the opposite shore of the lake, and land beneath the brow of the bank. Here, for hours, she would gather wild flowers to deck the hut of the mountain. Her Indian protector had, however, in gentle language forbid her crossing at the evening hour, as sudden tempests arose, which threatened danger to more hardy boatmen. It was only, then, on beautiful evenings when he was absent, that she would indulge herself in these romantic excursions. But wild and innocent as the mountain deer, she would be seen bounding from cliff to cliff, of the towering top of the stupendous steep they inhabited; while the faithful dog of her preserver joined also in her sports.

On the southern summit of their lofty domains, was a delightful bower, shaded by wild grape vines, which twining their tendrils round the branches of the lofty hemlocks on the side of the hill, formed one entire covering. At one extremity of this spot, the ponderous rocks formed a kind of alcove, whither she had removed some books and other things belonging to her, from the hut of the mountain, which had been brought from the residence on the shore.

In this cool retreat, she would retire for hours to meditate and read. It was on a hot sultry day in summer that she had sought her recess, and was sitting in the bower, absorbed in profound meditation, when the sudden start of Hong, the dog, aroused her by crouching at her side, uttering a sullen growl, the suppressed bellowing of his anger, and she turned fearfully to ascertain the cause. An enormous black snake coiling round the limb of one of the trees a few feet from her, struck her eyes; and the fiery balls of the reptile seemed bent upon her. A cold chill seemed to run through her system as she gazed upon the serpent, and with the blood apparently almost freezing in her veins, she dropped the book which was in her hand, and instinctively sprang to the farther end of the bower. It was fortunate for her; for in one instant more, the serpent would have twined her in his folds. The dog started back also, as he saw the disappointed reptile gradually stretch himself upon the limb; and Cornelia, affrighted and pale, eyed the monster a moment, when she saw him suddenly drop from the tree, striking the ground a few paces from her, and then begin to coil himself again. "Hong!" faintly uttered she, as the faithful animal drew himself up to her, breathing louder and louder, and at intervals uttering a growl, then crouching directly in front of her, curving his back, and for the first time letting out his tremendous howl. A deathlike sickness seemed to overcome Cornelia, as her riveted eyes rested on the reptile, with his head erect, moving to and fro, as if agitated by a gentle breeze.

At length her breathing became more difficult; a hissing noise rung through her head, seeming to deafen her with its tremendous loudness—like the roar of a cataract; and with a faint scream she fell powerless and senseless against a fragment of rock, which she was wont to occupy as a seat in the bower.

How long she remained insensible, she knew not; but when returning life unsealed her eyes, she beheld the faithful dog sitting beside her, licking her cold hands. He was besmeared with blood; and a few feet from her, lay the enormous serpent, stretched dead upon the ground, which Hong had slain during her swoon.

At the instant her tottering, insensible, frame fell against the fragment of rock, the serpent's coil expanded: his eyes assumed a more fiery red, and his forked tongue darted with the rapidity of lightning from his jaws; his head suddenly compressed itself and the jet black of his body seemed glistening with a darker hue, while the scales of his skin, as the sun darted upon them, seemed tipped with flame. It was then he shot like an arrow towards his victim. Now came the crisis of Cornelia's fate—the lion from his lair was roused—for the keen eyes of the dog blazed like meteors. He raised himself up with his formidable mouth open, and at once seized the serpent near the head; but he was instantly encircled in the monster's folds, which soon girted his powerful frame to agony. It was, however, but for the instant: for the enraged animal separated his foe in twain, as his strong jaws closed upon the spot where he had seized him; and then shaking his large body, the relaxed folds of the monster straightened upon the ground a headless trunk, quivering and lashing the earth with its tail, but was now instantly despatched by the courageous dog.

Tears of gratitude burst from the eyes of Cornelia, as she gazed upon the noble animal who had thus saved her life. His wistful look and wagging tail seemed to speak a language of conscious worth, and inflexible fidelity to her; and, crimsoned as he was, with the blood of the serpent, she could not refrain from hugging her dumb preserver, who also evinced his joy at her escape, with bounds and gambols around, as she moved slowly towards the hut.

In the evening when the Indian returned, she acquainted him with the narrow escape she had experienced, who instantly proceeded to examine the serpent. It was the largest he had ever seen, and contained in its stomach a rabbit, which it had swallowed, and was then in an undigested state. The faithful dog was now more than ever prized by the Indian: his intrepidity and bravery at such a critical moment, endeared him as one

"The truest of his kind—"

and Strongarm's unbending features relaxed into a smile on leaving the spot, as he saw the faithful creature seize the enormous dead serpent in his mouth, and hurl him down the precipice a few rods distant.

Such scenes as coiling serpents, however, became frequent to the view of Cornelia, and gradually ceased to alarm her; and as her romantic disposition led her to anticipate pleasure in all hardy exercise, there was one thing she longed to enjoy. She thought a hunting excursion with her preserver, in the extended forest below, would be delightful. But he, in energetic, yet gentle language, protested against it, saying—"Daughter, the lion only must roam the forest—the tender lamb must stay in the fold—the deer cannot lead the fawn into danger. The flexible reed bends to the gentle blast—but the

strong oak stands the rude tempest. No, daughter, thou art a gentle dove: let the eagle alone. It will give the Indian rest while you are here."

With such language as the above, would Strongarm express his disapprobation of her partaking in his hunting excursions, and, unwilling to pain her humane and noble preserver, she for sometime gave up her romantic scheme in silence.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.

EVENING.

A SULTRY day had at length passed. The sun whose scorching rays had parched the earth during a long summer day, had at last bid this part of the world good-night, and hid his bright face behind the western mountains. The tops of the tallest trees were tinged with a golden hue, and the crystal lake which spread its placid bosom to the zephyr's gentle breath, wore a duskier aspect, except one bright spot where the sun's rays found a passage through a deep gorge in the mountains, and fell lightly on the undulated waters, reflected in a thousand varied hues from the laughing ripples, or flashing back in rays of dazzling brightness. Far away to the south a dark cloud was discernable moving slowly along, its borders variegated in fantastic figures, some resembling lofty mountains and precipices, raising their proud heads far into the cerulean heavens, as if bidding defiance to man, and threatening him who should be so bold as to ascend their giddy heights with destruction. One could fancy them fairy mounts peopled with lovely beings, who, now and then leaving their bright abodes, would come to this, our earth, with missions of mercy, to lighten the load of sorrow, which is the lot of mortals. The sky over head was of a clear blue, surpassing in beauty the fairest work of man; and as the sun gradually receded beyond the hills, the stars shone forth, one after another, till the whole heavens were bespangled, presenting beauty, if not as dazzling, yet of a more pleasing kind, than that of the brightest day. Dian's crescent bow was "wading through the sky" with its borrowed, yet pleasant light, and seeming to look smilingly down on the beautiful spots of earth, lighting every nook and corner. Oft a light cloud would flit along, casting its shadow over the varied landscape, and anon followed by another, which seemed chasing along in sportive glee, laughing to see his comrade fly away before him.

Who can gaze upon the beauties of nature and not be made a better person? Who can see the wonderful adaptation of Nature's laws to the wants of all created beings, and say, "there is no God?" Who, viewing all these things, can refrain from saying with the Psalmist, "Wonderful are thy works O God! and thy ways past finding out."

September, 1844.

EMIR.

For the Rural Repository.

FEMALE SECRETS.

"Sic transit gloria mundi."—OLD SEN DIAL.

LET no one seek to pry into the mysteries of woman, unless he seek for unhappiness and woe: above all things avoid asking reasons *why* and *wherefore*. Once it was my blissful lot to love one of the most lovely of her sex—she was indeed mine. For a long time I enjoyed the superlative satisfaction of an exchange of sentiment, until I unfortunately made the discovery that not long previous to my acquaintance with her, she had turned off a

fine clever fellow, an ancient beau of hers; one who had been her chosen gallant for a series of years, say three or four at least. The said gallant had been unceremoniously dismissed merely because he had inquired the lady's motive for preferring a *large* looking-glass to a *small* one—and on her refusing to tell, informed her he had discovered the secret—it was—*she could view her pretty face better therein!*

The same lady gave me a walking paper, because I made bold to enquire the reason why she had so summarily discharged my former rival. In short, sir, I found out that a lady's motto, was in substance if not in word, what was made use of by the famous sisters, who blackened their faces with soot, (in the Arabian Nights Tales,) viz: "He who inquires into what does not concern him, (especially where ladies are in question,) shall soon find out what may not please him," as indeed I did to my sorrow, for from the moment of my dismissal, I imbibed a most (I must confess) unnatural hatred, against the sex, and never tried again to please them—the consequence of which is, you may well suppose, I am, and likely to remain so for aught I can fairly discover, a genuine Old Bachelor—

High ho!
Now my story's begun;—and
High ho!
Now my story is done!

So good bye to women; and if ever you wish, dear reader, a taste of real Romance, just endeavor to seek a perfect angel for your intended!

CELIBACUS.

For the Rural Repository.

AN EPISTLE CONSOLATORY TO ONE WHO HAD A SCOLDING WIFE.

IN the opinion of the fair sex, occasionally a man wants stirring up from the bottom of the pot, with a long laddle, least he should burn and be entirely spoilt. This is one reason why a woman scolds her husband! She does not wish him to remain mentally inactive or sluggish, and a little bit of rousing up, now and then, she thinks will do him good; a secret—*be it known she loves him none the less because she scolds him*—but does it to be noticed a little—mind this, you generally get these furious storms the hardest, when you neglect her: and you cannot show your neglect more forcibly, nor less opportune, than by refusing her a bonnet, a shawl—or some other little nonsensical trifle.

She then goes on to suppose you do not think enough of her to dress her in the fashion, &c. &c. and as she knows not how to employ reason (man's reason) she gives you her own reasons *why* and *wherefore*—and so you get a cap-full of scolding, a tempest in a teapot, thrown at you! Its mere gas I assure you, a vapory fit, and will soon pass off, if you are not foolish enough to do the same thing. The only remedy is to hold your peace, and walk off—away; get into your study, or bed room, or up garret, or down cellar—and lock the door if possible, or fasten it some way or another—but never a word of *reply* to her; (it will not do,) she'll soon talk it out, if you let her alone. Afterwards, you may buy the bonnet or shawl, if you please.

For the Rural Repository.

THE LITERATURE OF 1844.

IT would certainly be a very useful task for any one to commence and copy out from the books heretofore published, the essential part, the stated truth therein contained. A general summary conducted monthly, would in time reduce the great multitude

of Books to but few—no great attention being paid to the wordy parts, or rather windy parts of said writers. Condensation should be the order of the day, and men be employed to do it. The sum

total of knowledge could then be found out, and credit for new thoughts given to the authors of them. At some future period, I shall give you some further ideas on this subject. ALPHA.



BIOGRAPHY.

PETER CORNEILLE.

PETER CORNEILLE, a celebrated French poet, born at Rouen, June 6, 1606. He was brought up to the bar; but he soon abandoned it as a profession not congenial to his genius.

He was one of the brilliant lights of French literature that shone conspicuously during the seventeenth century, and may be considered in his relations to Gallic literature and the creation of a refined taste among the higher orders of the French people, in the same light as we regard Shakespeare in his relation to, and influence upon, the literary taste of the English. Although his genius and talents were sufficiently vigorous and versatile to warrant the belief that he might have become eminent in every department of the republic of letters, yet his taste was decidedly dramatic, and upon his compositions of this character, his fame as a poet and a scholar chiefly rest; and which have earned for him the epithet of the Great.

His first play was *Mélite*, a comedy, which originated in an affair of gallantry; but so great was its popularity, during those degenerate days of the French stage, that Corneille was encouraged to contribute more liberally to the public amusement.

Prior to the splendid reign of Louis XIV. the literature (particularly dramatic literature) of France was at a low ebb, and the stage, from which the people in a great measure derived many of their literary tastes and social peculiarities, presented a singular medley of classic purity, grave and modern buffoonery and vulgarity. No one, either in tragedy or comedy had dared to depart from the Grecian model, in either the plot of the written drama, or the *modus operandi* of stage effect, and hence dramatic literature had scarcely a national feature to recommend it to a modern people as a picture of life, which should be the legitimate aim of the drama. Louis was a munificent patron of learning, and to him the French stage was much indebted for great improvements. It received de-

coration and splendor at his hands, but it was not these alone for which it was indebted to him. His munificence brought the best talents of France to its aid, and among the men of great genius that offered their services were Corneille and Racine, the Homer and Virgil of the French drama. Although they were in a great measure trammelled by existing customs, and withheld from using the infinite amount of material, out of which they were capable of building up a noble superstructure of national literature, yet they broke down numerous barriers and reared for themselves a monument of distinction, as the proudest boast of the classical age of France, and a high honor to the European republic of letters.

His next piece was *Medea*, a tragedy: and after many others, appeared the *Cid*, in 1637, which established his fame as a writer.

The taste of Corneille approximated more nearly to the romantic in his dramatic compositions, than Racine. In his *Cid* this taste is very apparent, as well as a peculiar faculty for painting to the life the character of the tyrant, the miser, the hero, the sage, or any other character of strongly marked features. In the character of Don Gourmas, in his *Cid*, so faithfully did he portray the Spanish nobility with all their vices and their few virtues, that he received the censure of the Academy, the then arbiter of French literature, and also the obloquy of rival wits and unsuccessful poets, among whom was even cardinal Richelieu himself, though he had granted a pension to the author. It cannot be denied that tyrants and conquerors never sat to a painter of greater skill than he, in the true delineation of their character.

Corneille was chosen member of the French Academy in 1647; and he died 1684, aged 79 years. He was a man of great merit in private life, liberal, humane, and devout, and rather of a melancholly turn of mind. His poetical works are among the sublimest effusions of the French muse. His works have been frequently reprinted, and consist of about thirty tragedies and comedies, besides many fugitive sketches in prose and verse.

MISCELLANY.

A HORSE CRAWLING THROUGH A POST.

A STORY is told of the late Rev. Mr. Sprague, of Dublin, N. H. which sets the remarkable simplicity of the learned parson in a very ludicrous light. Paying a visit to one of his parishioners, he threw the bridle off his horse, and over the post of a rail fence near the house. During his stay the animal contrived to disengage the bridle from the post, and get it under his feet—seeing which, a servant girl drew the reins through one of the mortices, and over the top of the post, in the form of a noose. The parson going to untie his horse, was indescribably astonished to find the bridle, which he had simply thrown over the post, thus passed through one of the holes. "This beats all," ejaculated he to himself, "I never saw the like of it in all my life before! To be sure, we read of a camel going through the eye of a needle—but this was in the days of miracles. No, no; I never saw the like of this before!" He examined it anew; he tried to get the bridle out, but it surpassed his ingenuity. "Yes, it must be," said he, "the horse has actually crawled through the post hole—there's no other way to account for it!" Full of this impression, and despairing of making the animal retrace his steps, he whipped out his knife and was about cutting the reins, when the same girl, perceiving his quandary, released the horse and explained the mystery. But if the simple parson had been astonished before, he was little less so now, to find his own penetration surpassed by that of a servant girl. "Heh, girl," said he, "I believe you're right—but how in the name of wonder should a girl like you know more than a man of my learning. It's astonishing! astonishing!—Miraculous! miraculous!"

A YANKEE SHOEMAKER.

"You hain't no occasion for a jer nor nothin', I spose," said a jolly son of St. Crispin from the land of wooden nutmegs, as he entered a shoe establishment, with his kit nicely done up in his apron.

"Wonder if I hain't," was the reply of the Boss.

"Why I should like a dozen if I could get 'em; but what kind of a shoe can you make?"

"O, as to the matter of that," said the snob, "I reckon how I can make a decent sort of a craft."

"Spread your kit then," said the Boss; "I'll give you a pair to try, and if your work suits me I can give you a steady seat of work."

Crispin was soon at it hammering and whistling away as happy as a clam at high water, and the Boss was called away on some business which detained him two or three hours; meanwhile the tramping jer had produced a thing which bore some faint resemblance to a shoe, and feeling somewhat ashamed of it hid it in a pile of leather chips that lay on the floor, and proceeded to make another, which he had barely time to finish when his employer entered and began to examine it.

"Look here, mister," said he, "I guess you needn't make the mate to this; it is the greatest botch that ever was made in my shop, that's a fact."

"P'raps you'd like to bet a trifle on that," said the snob.

"Bet," responded the Boss, "why I'll bet a ten dollar bill against a handful of tobacco, that there never was a shoe made in this shop half so bad as this."

"Done," says Crispin, at the same time casting

a sly wink at his shopmates, "but stop, let me see if I've got so much of the weed with me. Oh yes, here's a whole handful of Cavendish," and laying it on the cutting board, he ventured to suggest the propriety of having the suet skin laid along the side of it, which was no sooner done, than he proceeded to draw from its hiding place the other shoe.

"Here Boss," said he, "you must decide the bet: say which of the two shoes is the worst."

"Well, I guess I'm fairly sucked in this time," replied the Boss, pushing the Cavendish and shin plaster towards the rightful owner, and throwing a ninepence to the youngest apprentice. The boy needed no farther instruction as to his duty, but was off in the twinkling of a bed post, and soon returned with a quart of blackstrap. After all hands had sufficiently regaled themselves, the shrewd Yankee put his sticks together, and bidding the Boss a hearty good bye, started again on a tramp, very well satisfied with his forenoon's work.

ERRORS.

THE little that I have seen of the world, and know of the history of mankind, teaches me to look on the errors of others in sorrow, not in anger. When I take a history of one poor heart that has sinned and suffered, and represent to myself the struggles and temptations it passed through; the brief pulsation of joy, the feverish inquietude of hope and fear; the tears of regret, the feebleness of purpose, the pressure of want, the desertion of friends, the scorn of the world, that has little charity, the desolation of the soul's sanctuary, and threatening voices within; health gone, happiness gone; I would fain leave the erring soul of my fellow man with Him from whose hands it came.—*Longfellow.*

A PIOUS FRAUD.

AT a country church in England, at the close of an eloquent sermon, and before the contemplated collection had been made, a stranger rose, and putting a guinea in his hat, walked around with it, and received a liberal addition to his stock. The minister attributed his zeal to the moving power of his eloquence, and his own charitable spirit; but the surprise of the whole congregation was inexpressible, when instead of going into the vestry, they saw the new convert moving toward the door, the minister and others called upon him to deliver up the change, which he refused, saying, "My brethren, freely have ye given, and freely have I received;" and, instantly remounting his horse, which was an exceedingly good one, he left the premises.

A GOOD ANSWER.—A young gentleman who does not live a thousand miles from this city, was in the act of popping the question to a young lady the other evening, when just at the "witching time" her father entered the room, and enquired what they were about? "O!" promptly replied the fair one, "Mr. — has just explained the question of annexation to me, and he is for immediate annexation." "Well," said Papa, "if you can agree on a treaty, I'll ratify it."—*Boston Times.*

THE OTHER WAY.—A little ragged urchin had been sent by a mechanic to collect a small bill which had become due. He began in the usual way, by becoming more and more importunate; at length the gentleman's patience being exhausted, he said to him, "You needn't dun me so sharply,

I'm not going to run away at present." "I don't suppose you are," said the lad scratching his head, "but my master is, and he wants the money."

PRETTY GOOD.—An Arkansas hero was lately convicted of horse-stealing, and when sentence had been passed on him he took a survey of the court room, and gave vent to his feelings after the following manner: "Well, this is rather the briskest place I ever did see. Traveled fifteen miles this morning—stood an election, and unanimously voted by twelve men, to be maintained at the public expense for ten years."

POVERTY.—At a late celebration, a poor man present offered the following toast:—"Here's health to POVERTY, it sticks by you when all other friends forsake you."

"Why don't your father take a newspaper?" said a man to a little urchin whom he caught pilfering his paper from his door-step. "He sends me to take it," cried the little boy.

A YANKEE praising the climate away down east, said it was so healthy that people had to move some where else to die.

Rural Repository.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1844.

THE TWINS.

WE would inform our readers, that the present tale of "The Twins," comprized in xiii. chapters, will, as far as we can ascertain, be concluded in three more numbers.

OUR PAPER.

WE republish, from several of our contemporaries, the following well turned complimentary encomiums, on the present literary character; and typographic execution of the Rural Repository. We are happy to find that our attempts to render our little Journal useful and delightful, are duly appreciated abroad as well as at home. We give a few, relative to the present volume, from a collection in our possession, lately received.

RURAL REPOSITORY.—The 1st number of the 21st vol. of the Rural Repository is before us—the oldest literary paper in the United States. This is one of the very neatest and choicest productions of the press. It is most beautifully printed, and is filled with valuable literary matter, tales, biography, &c. Every number contains one or more engravings, and the present is embellished with a view of the central part of Pittsfield. It is published at Hudson, semi-monthly, at the low price of \$1 per annum, and from its excellence is deserving of a large list of paying subscribers. We wish you much success, brother Stoddard.—*Berkshire Courier, Great Barrington, Mass.*

THE RURAL REPOSITORY.—On the 31st inst. this interesting little Miscellany commences its 21st volume. We have heretofore had occasion to speak of the merits of this unpretending, but in reality highly meritorious work. It continues to increase in usefulness and literary attraction. We do not know of another work at the same price, that can be at all compared with it for beauty of typography and the solid worth of its contents, both in a moral and literary view.—*Terms \$1.00 per annum in advance. A liberal discount to clubs. Published by Wm. B. Stoddard, Hudson, N. Y.—Washington Journal, Union-Village, N. Y.*

RURAL REPOSITORY.—With the last Number of this pleasant and agreeable little companion, closes the 20th volume. This fact alone speaks much in its favor, and perhaps more than we can say. The selections of its columns are instructive and amusing. Each Number contains one or more stories of intrinsic merit from talented and popular authors, besides being embellished with a fine wood engraving.—We do not know of a more sociable companion for the family circle than the Repository. Very cheap at one dollar a year. Call and look at a Number.—*Western New-Yorker, Warsaw, N. Y.*

RURAL REPOSITORY.—Among the Literary publications of the day that occasionally meet our eye, the "Rural Repository" deserves an honorable mention. It is now twenty years since its first establishment; and a periodical that can be sustained by public favor and patronage for so great a length of time, must certainly possess no ordinary degree of merit. It is the oldest literary paper in the United States. From a perusal of its pages one may derive both profit and amusement, and many a practical moral lesson may be gleaned from its instructive tales. We have several times recognized in its columns the tracings of the pen of our lamented friend, Bartlett—whose knowledge of the French language enabled him to

translate with ease and accuracy. The typographical execution of the Repository is quite unexceptionable, and adds not a little to its attractions. We commend it to the patronage of the public. Terms—\$1.00 per annum.—*Kinderhook Sentinel Kinderhook, N. Y.*

The "RURAL REPOSITORY," published at Hudson, N. Y. is the oldest literary paper in this country and has, since its first establishment twenty years ago, stood at the head of its class. It has deservedly maintained a firm stand in public favor, and comes now, as of yore, bringing fresh and fragrant bouquets culled with a lavish hand from the garden of literature. May it long prosper. The terms are only one dollar a year.—*Gem of the Prairie, Chicago, Ill.*

Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of postage paid.

L. S. Nassau Village, N. Y. \$1.00; R. R. Cairo, N. Y. \$1.00; H. S. Sheffield, Ms. \$1.00; P. M. Newark, N. Y. \$3.00; T. S. Fort Edward, \$1.00; K. W. Richmond, Vt. \$2.00; P. M. Gouverneur, N. Y. \$3.00; E. A. H. Shrewsbury, Ms. \$1.00; L. C. Poplar Ridge, N. Y. \$1.00; J. W. Sharon, Vt. \$1.00; D. W. Baldwinville, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Van Deusenville, Ms. \$2.25; O. H. P. T. New York, \$1.00; M. C. Cincinnati O. \$1.00; R. G. Bovina, N. Y. \$1.00; A. W. K. Caledonia, N. Y. \$1.00; Miss M. N. Big Brook, N. Y. \$1.00; Mrs. E. B. Factory Point, Vt. \$1.00; G. H. B. East Brattleborough, Vt. \$5.00; P. M. Lyons, N. Y. \$3.00; N. B. Elizabethtown, N. Y. \$1.00; R. W. Morrisville, Vt. \$1.00; Mrs. C. F. H. Richmond, Ms. \$1.00; H. A. & R. W. B. Perry, N. Y. \$1.00; Miss M. K. East Greenbush, N. Y. \$1.00; A. R. Victor, N. Y. \$1.00; Mrs. S. A. D. Accord, N. Y. \$1.00; P. P. R. Gallatinville, N. Y. \$1.00; P. H. Whitingham, Vt. \$1.00; J. C. Stanfordville, N. Y. \$1.00; W. F. Rhinebeck, N. Y. \$1.00; N. R. S. Elyria, O. \$1.00; Miss H. M. D. Broad Brook, Ct. \$1.00; Miss H. M. V. R. Glen, N. Y. \$1.00; W. I. Jr. Monroe, N. J. \$1.00; C. S. York, N. Y. \$1.00; L. S. H. Pompey Centre, N. Y. \$3.00; G. F. N. Madison, O. \$6.00; J. McN. McIndoes Falls, Vt. \$1.00; Mrs. F. M. A. Catskill, N. Y. \$1.00; C. B. B. Earlville, N. Y. \$1.00; Miss S. B. Belfast, N. Y. \$1.00; E. W. Warren, N. Y. \$1.00; J. W. Bethel, Ct. \$1.00; C. L. A. Bethlehem, Ct. \$1.00; C. B. W. Greenfield Centre, \$1.00; J. W. Norwalk, O. \$1.00; H. D. C. Keeseville, N. Y. \$1.00; G. W. McA. Bergen, N. Y. (Vol. 20.) \$1.00; M. R. Caroline, N. Y. \$1.00; N. & R. Franklin, N. Y. \$1.00; P. D. O. Troy, N. Y. \$1.00; P. B. West Farms, N. Y. \$1.00; T. M. West Burlington, N. Y. \$1.00; T. S. J. Madison, N. Y. \$1.00; Miss S. A. M. Black River, N. Y. \$1.00; E. G. B. Laurel, O. \$1.00; C. D. S. New-York, N. Y. \$1.00; Miss L. S. Poughkeepsie, N. Y. \$1.00; J. D. Jr. Halfmoon, N. Y. \$1.00; L. B. Hitchcockville, Ct. \$1.00; P. M. East Bethel, Vt. \$4.00; W. B. Ghent, N. Y. \$3.00.



BOUND

In Hymen's stolen bands.



In this city, on the 3d inst. by the Rev. B. B. Bunker, William H. Terry, to Miss Harriet E. Folger, all of this city.

On the 31st ult. by the Rev. J. D. Fonda, Mr. Ephraim Wheeler, to Miss Lucinda Fellows.

On the 22d of Aug. by the Rev. E. Crawford, Mr. Hiram D. Nichols, to Mrs. Nancy Hallenbeck, all of this city.

By the same, Aug. 31st, Mr. Alman Van Hoesen to Miss Maria Jane Brandow, all of this city.

In Kinderhook, on the 4th inst. by the Rev. B. Van Zandt, Mr. A. V. D. Whitbeck to Miss Elizabeth, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Sickles all of that village.

In Valatie, on the 26th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Rockwell, Gershom Buckley, Esq. to Miss Mary Reynolds, all of that place.

In Kinderhook, on the 24th ult. by the Rev. J. N. Shaffer, Mr. Silas B. Winn, of Ghent, to Miss Harriet E. Shaver, of that village.

In Ghent, at the house of Wm. Halsapple, on the 25th of August, by the Rev. E. Deyoe, Mr. Michael Shaver to Miss Margaret Christman, late of Germany.

By the Rev. Charles Breck, Mr. Leverett Blair, of Hitchcockville, Conn. to Miss Electa Sprague, of Spencertown, N. Y.

In Lockport, July 14th, by the Rev. B. B. Bunker, Mr. Wm. Shift to Miss Polly Maria Tillotson, both of Lockport, Niagara Co. N. Y.



LOOSED

From the fetters of Earth.



In this city, on the 27th of Aug. Mary, daughter of Jacob H. and Caroline C. Bunt, aged 24 years.

On the 28th, Miss Mary Ann Shaw, aged 24.

On the same day, John C. son of Jacob and Gertrude Whitbeck, aged 24 years.

On the 29th, Mrs. Margaret Welch, in the 35th year of her age.

On the 4th inst. Cynthia Maria, daughter of Edward and Cynthia Clark, aged 7 months and 11 days.

On the 8th inst. Louis H. son of Norman and Eliza Weldon, 1 year, 3 months and 7 days.

On the 8th inst. Mrs. Eliza Reynolds, in her 44th year.

At Pine Plains, on the 30th of August, Mrs. Sophronia Bruce, in her 29th year, daughter of Mr. Henry Harder, of this city.

At his residence in Ghent, on the 29th ult. much respected, Abraham Macy, in the 65th year of his age; a member of the Society of Friends.

In Greenport, on the 4th inst. Miss Jane Ann Thomas, in her 16th year.

In Livingston, on the 5th inst. Mrs. Sarah L. Browning, in her 82d year.

In Kinderhook, on the 1st inst. Elizabeth, wife of Robert Woolley, in her 55th year of her age.

In Hillsdale, Columbia Co. N. Y. on the 3d inst. at the residence of her uncle Thaddeus Reed, Esq. after an illness of nine days, Miss Mary R. Garner, aged 27 years, daughter of the late Godfrey Garner.



Original Poetry.

For the Rural Repository.

WRITTEN UPON BEING ALONE IN THE HOUSE OF GOD.

BY MISS HENRIETTA GAY.

ALONE within the house of God, how solemn every sound,
The pealing thunder's muffled tone, is echoing around,
Jehovah's warning voice is heard, in plaintive sounds that
swell,
Upon his guilty children's ear, like their last funeral knell.
Alone within the house of God, I listen to the breeze,
It hath a sad and plaintive tone, while murmuring through the
trees,
And gloomy is the sound of it, as onward it doth roam,
And mournfully it echoes, around this sacred dome.
Alone within the house of God, and not—for God is near,
No sound of voice, no gentle step, salutes my wakeful ear,
The solemn pulpit rears its head, decked in its crimson dye
And there the word of God's proclaimed, to lead the thoughts
on high.

Alone within the house of God, how solemn every thought,
That rushes on my pensive mind, now back to it are brought,
A thousand stings that conscience feels, deep in this sinful
heart,
And struggling to be free, yet loath from this vain world to part.
Alone within the house of God, I ponder on its gloom,
That must enshroud in death's dark hour, the dying sinner's
tomb,
Help me to overcome this world, and from its charms be free,
That when I leave this house of clay, that I may rest with
Thee.

Stockport, N. Y. 1844.

For the Rural Repository.

THE WRECK.

BY C. F. COY.

CALMLY upon the ocean's breast,
A gallant bark did lay,
As lovely as a swan at rest,
Upon a moonlit bay:
And a starry flag was trailing
Gracefully from her peak
And the evening breeze then failing,
Scarcely rocked the briny deep.
The moon had rose, and threw a veil,
A silvery veil of light
Upon the vessel's snow white sail;
But through the lonely night
No sound around that bark was heard,
Except the sentry's tread,
Or now and then a wild sea-bird
Flapping her wings o'erhead.
But when the morning sun arose,
From out his ocean bed,
The breeze that sought a night's repose,
Then, o'er the waters sped.
Soon heaved the vessel's snowy shroud,
And dashed the briny spray,
As through the surges sighing loud,
The vessel bore away.
And proudly on her course she stood,
Through that long summer's day,
The wind still sweeping o'er the flood,
While no cloud veiled the sky;
And far astern ere day was gone,
She left that lovely bay,
Where through the night all still and lone,
So gracefully she lay.
At twilight's hour the sky grew black,
No moon gave forth her light;
The vessel on her foaming track—
And gloomy grew the night!
Dark sable clouds o'erspread the sky,
The wind shook every sail,
And fearfully the storm-bird's cry
Came mingled with the gale!
Bright flashed the lightning o'er the sea,
The thunder shook the air;

While madly through the blinding spray,
That gallant bark did bear—
Like a war-horse unchecked by rein,
Or falcon through the air,
While o'er her deck the angry brine
Was wildly leaping there.

But hark! a sound broke on the ear,
And mingled with the gale;
That pulsed the stoutest heart with fear,
While every cheek turned pale!
And louder still that fearful sound
Arose above the blast,
While still the tempest raged around,
As on the vessel dashed.

Lo! by the lightning's vivid flash,
Behold a rock-bound shore,
Against which the billows fiercely dash,
With loud and sullen roar.
Swift as a dolphin cleaves the deep—
The bark swept toward the rock—
Then rose a crash! a phrenzied shriek,
Loud o'er the billows shock.

Ah! then no mortal arm could guide
Or aid that gallant band,
They sank beneath the rolling tide
Upon that rock-bound strand;
While sung the wind and wild sea moan
The death-dirge of the brave,
Who found below the billows' foam,
Their cold and lonely grave.

Pittsfield, Mass. 1844.

For the Rural Repository.

TO A FAIR FRIEND.

On once I dwelt amidst the young and gay,
When clust'ring curls adorned my smiling brow,
When pleasure sported in my dark eye's ray,
And my cheek's rose was fresher far than now.
Then pressed my feet with light and sportive trace,
The richly glowing carpet of Brussels,
The splendid mirror showed my youthful face,
The sofa wooed, where modern luxury dwells.
Through noble halls, not tapestried, as meet
For ancient hours, but with light hangings gay,
Came music's rise and fall in cadence sweet,
Or childhood's innocent and artless lay.
For me the organ poured its solemn tone,
And for mine eye was many a jewel's blaze,
And though sometimes I felt myself alone,
I still enjoyed the privilege to gaze.
But 'mid the glitter of the splendid board,
Where dainties spread and wines abundant flow,
Say, was I happier than when since restored
To my rude mountain dwelling? Happier? No!
I would not give for all that pomp displays
Beneath the broad blue arch of Heaven above,
One simple joy in this unpolished place,
One harmless pleasure shared with those I love.
But if in after years some lowly youth,
Should hoard for thee the treasures of the soul,
Think'st thou that ought but intellect and truth,
And generous virtue should thy choice control?
Go then; be dazzled by display and wealth;
But seek not here a sympathizing breast,
I ask a friend, with energy and health,
And mental worth, and give the winds the rest.

Wendell, Aug. 20, 1844

F. H. C.

For the Rural Repository.

FLIGHT OF THE SEASONS.

How soon the seasons pass away,
In which we most delight;
With nimble step and sunny smile,
They come and linger for awhile,
And sudden take their flight.
Sweet Spring, the welcome harbinger
Of sunshine and of showers,
Unlocks the mute and frozen springs,
O'er earth a gorgeous drapery flings
Of richest green and flowers;
Then falls into the glad embrace
Of Summer waiting near;
Who lifteth up her magic wand,

And waves it o'er the smiling land,
O, brightest of the year!
And 'neath her mild and genial sway,
When harvest fields are white,
Lo! Autumn gathers up the sheaves,
And crowns himself with yellow leaves,
With merry heart and light.

His golden fruits he scatters round
With an unsparing hand,
And rich and poor take from his store:
Then Winter comes with sullen roar
And ruleth o'er the land.

Cassville, Oneida Co. N. Y. 1844.

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The character and design of the Rural Repository being so generally known, it would seem almost superfluous to offer any thing further; but, we are induced to submit to the public two paragraphs containing condensed extracts from notices of the "Repository," published in various Journals, throughout the United States, in the room of praising ourselves as some are under the necessity of doing.

"The Rural Repository" is a neat and elegant semi-monthly Periodical, published in the City of Hudson, Columbia Co. N. Y. and which we believe is the oldest literary paper in the United States; and while it has made no very great pretensions to public favor, it is far better than those publications who boast long and loud of their claims to public patronage. Amid the fluctuations of the world, and the ups and downs of the periodical press, for nearly a score of years this little miscellany has pursued 'the even tenor of its way,' scattering its sweets around, and increasing in interest and popularity, and our readers will, of course, infer, that if it had no merit it would have shuffled off this mortal coil 'long time ago.'

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WILLIAM B. STODDARD.

Hudson, Columbia Co. N. Y. 1844.

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